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T H E

C R I S I S.

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NUMBER III. *To be continued Weekly.*

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1775. [Price Two-pence Halfpenny.]

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*Thy Name, O! Chatham, (with some few more) is made, rare Instance, IMMORTAL by Defeat; and to thee—NEW HONOURS rise—from the RUINS of thy COUNTRY. While you live, never-fading Laurels, the just Reward of thy Virtue, Conduct, and Fidelity, shall crown thy hoary Head, and shade thy venerable Brow—And may thine and BRITAIN'S ravished Eyes, behold thy FOES and Hers, for their TREACHERY and VILLAINY, dragged to EXECUTION, dressed and dishonoured in funeral ROSEMARY and the baleful YEW.*

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To the K I N G,

S I R,



O follow you regularly through every Step of a fourteen Years SHAMEFUL and INGLO-  
RIOUS Reign, would be a Task as Painful, as Disagreeable, and far exceed the Bounds of this Paper: But we are called upon by the Necessity of the Times, the Measures you are pursuing, by every Principle of Justice and Self-preservation, and by the Duty we owe to GOD and our COUNTRY, to declare our Sentiments (with a Freedom becoming of Englishmen), on some of those dreadful Transactions and Oppressions which this Kingdom has laboured under, since the Glory and Lustre of the Crown of England, was doomed to fade upon your Brow; and, to point out to you, Sir, your own critical and DANGEROUS Situation.

Sir,



Sir, it is not your rotten Troop in the present House of Commons; it is not your venal, beggarly, pensioned Lords; it is not your polluted, canting, prostituted Bench of Bishops; it is not your whole set of abandoned Ministers; nor all your Army of *Scotch* Cut-throats, that can protect you from the Peoples Rage, when drove by your Oppressions, and till now unherd of Cruelties, to a State of Desperation.

The Day, we Fear, is not far Distant, when you will have Reason, too much Reason, to wish you had acted like a Father, and not like a Tyrant; when you will be Bound to curse those **TRAITORS**, those exalted Villians, whom now in the Face of Day, without a Blush, you can be Base enough to call your Friends: be assured, Sir, your Danger is great amidst all this *fancied* Security; and it will be impossible for them to preserve YOU from the just Resentment of an enraged, long abused, and much injured Nation: Should that Day ever come, but Heaven avert the Stroke; where can you hide yourself from the tenfold Vengeance, of a brave and mighty People, with Law, Justice, Heaven, and all its sacred Truths on their Side.

Then like Wounds that bleed afresh, will be brought to their Minds, your barbarous, and unprovoked **MASSACRE**, in *St. George's Fields*, when Men and Women were indiscriminately and inhumanly Slaughtered, to gratify, what would have disgraced even your Footman; a **PITIFUL REVENGE**. Then Sir, they will remember with Horror and Indignation, the Letter of **THANKS**, sent from the Secretary at War by YOUR ORDER, to the Officer on Duty the 10th of *May*, 1768, (the Day of Carnage); and likewise your **PENSIONING**, and screening the Murderers from the Punishment of the Law. Then Sir, they will remember the horrid Plan laid at *Brentford*, for destroying the Right of Election; or in the most savage Manner, to take away the Lives of the Freeholders of *Middlesex*; which was (to make use of a word from your merciful royal Dictionary) **EFFECTUALLY** carried into Execution, and several People killed; to this Plan Sir, formed by *Procter* and your Minions, YOU must have been **PRIVY**, as the event afterwards sufficiently proved; Then Sir, they will remember, the mean, low, and criminal Subterfuge, you had Recourse to, to **DISPENSE** with the Laws, (and set aside the just Verdict of an **HONEST JURY**) to pardon those **HIRED RUFFIANS**, *Balf* and *Mack Quirk*, convicted upon the clearest Evidence of **PREMEDITATED MURDER**. Then, Sir, they will remember the insults they received, and the ignoble



ignoble Answers you gave, to the Remonstrances and Petitions, delivered by them to the Throne, praying a Dissolution of Parliament; Nor will they forget, Sir, the infernal Plan for smuggling the present House of Commons, and destroying all the Rights of this free Country. In a Word, Sir, these and every other despotic and bloody Transaction of your Reign, will rise fresh in their Minds; if they should be drove by your Encouragement of Popery, your Persecutions, your Oppressions, your Violations of Justice, your Treachery, and your Weakness, into a fatal and unnatural CIVIL WAR in *America*; I say they will rise fresh in their Minds, and stimulate them to Deeds of Glory; nay, they may pursue with implacable Revenge the Author of all their Miseries.

The People, Sir, with a Candour and Indulgence peculiar to Englishmen, passed over the Injuries and Insults in the first Part of your Reign, or, kindly laid the blame at the Door of your Ministers; but it is now evident to the whole World, that there was a Plan formed by Lord *Bute* and yourself, either before, or, immediately after you came to the Crown, for subverting the British Constitution in Church and State; which to our Grief, with indefatigable Pains and too much Success, Lord *Bute's* Tools, and your infernal Minions, have carried into Execution; therefore, it no longer remains to determine who is now the greatest CRIMINAL in *England*.

Consider, Sir, if through the late and present iniquitous Measures, and an obstinate Resolution in your Majesty to pursue them, the SWORD is forced to be drawn in *America*, it cannot remain long unsheathed in *England*: we hope there is some Virtue HERE; and we entertain a better Opinion of our Countrymen, then to believe they are so far *degenerated*, as to TAMELY see a mercenary Army of Soldiers (who are at all Times a Terror to the peaceable Inhabitants of every free State) BUTCHER their BRETHREN and FELLOW SUBJECTS in *America*, because they are determined to defend their own Rights and the British Constitution; I say they never will TAMELY see that, without putting out a helping Hand, and sharing with them the GLORY of a decisive Victory over TYRANNY, and all the AGENTS of the infernal Monarch of the dark Regions of HELL, who would enslave the WORLD.

Should you, Sir, still pursue the same tyrannical Measures only to gratify a mean vindictive Spirit, and be the Author of such dreadful Mischiefs; O! we shudder at the Thought: the People

will



will then perhaps, treat you, Sir, with as little Ceremony, as little Respect, and as little Mercy, as you and your Minions have treated them; for, Sir, whenever the State is convulsed by civil Commotions, and the Constitution totters to its Centre, the Throne of *England* must shake with it; a Crown will then be no SECURITY, and at one Stroke all the gaudy Trappings of Royalty may be laid in the Dust; in such a Time of dreadful Confusion and Slaughter; when the Son's Weapon drinks the Father's Blood, and we see a Russian's Blade reeking from a Brother's Heart: When Rage is burning in the Breasts of Englishmen, provoked by Wrongs not to be borne by Men; all Distinctions must cease, the common Safety and the Rights of Mankind, will be the only Objects in View; while the King and the Peasant, must share one and the same Fate, and perhaps fall undistinguished together.

Let these Things, Sir, be well weighed; tremble for the Event; drive those Traitors from your Breast who now surround you; let the Just and Honest have your Confidence, and once more make your People HAPPY, GREAT, and FREE; be not the Instrument of their Destruction; consider the solemn and sacred Oath you made at your Coronation, to PROTECT your Subjects in ALL their Rights and Liberties, and the PROTESTANT Religion, as by Law established: Consider, Sir, what a Perversion of all Right and Justice that must be (besides the heinous Crime of PERJURY), when instead of being their PROTECTOR, you become their DESTROYER.

Your Plan, Sir, for bringing the Colonies by FORCE of ARMS into a State of Subjection to your WILL, is Cruel, Bloody, and (I hope) Impracticable; it is repugnant to every Principle of Humanity, Justice, sound Policy, and the natural Rights of Mankind; it is the foulest Disgrace to you, and will reflect eternal Infamy on your Reign and Memory, as the Sovereign and Father of a FREE PEOPLE; it is such a Plan of encroaching Violence and lawless Power, as the *Americans*, never can, never ought, nor never will Submit to; it is such a Scheme for enslaving, or destroying the human Race, as EVERY Man ought to execrate and condemn, and to oppose even till he Perish.

Men, Sir, at three thousand Miles Distance, must think it extremely hard to work, toil, and run Hazards; only to support the infamous Luxury of high pampered Lords, a rotten Court, and your Tribe of venal Senators, Minions, Pimps, and Parasites



fires the Pests of Society; and to be taxed and mulct by them at their Pleasure: All Nature, Sir, revolts even at the Idea of such a State of human Misery.

Force, Sir, can never be used effectually to answer the End, without destroying the Colonies themselves. Liberty and Encouragement are necessary to keep them together; and Violence will hinder both. Any Body of Troops considerable enough to awe them, keep them in Subjection, and under the Direction of a needy *Scotch* Governor, sent only to be an Instrument of Slaughter, and to make his Fortune; would soon put an End to planting, and leave the Country to you, Sir, and your merciless Plunderers only; and if it did not, they would starve the Inhabitants and eat up all the Profit of the Colonies. On the Contrary, a few prudent Laws, Sir, (but you seem to be a Stranger to Prudence, as well as to Justice and Humanity); and a little prudent Conduct, (that too, has been long despaired of by the Kingdom) would soon give us far the greatest Share of the Riches of ALL *America*; perhaps drive other Nations out of it, or, into our Colonies for Shelter.

If violent Methods be not used (at this Time) to prevent it your Northern Colonies, Sir, must constantly increase in People, Wealth, and Power; their Inhabitants are considerably more than doubled since the Revolution; and in less than a Century, must become powerful States; and the more Powerful, the more People will flock thither: And, there are so many Exigencies in all States, so many foreign Wars, and domestic Disturbances, that these Colonies can seldom want Opportunities, if they watch for them, to do, what you, Sir, might be extremely Sorry for; throw off their Dependance on the Mother Country: Therefore, Sir, it should be your first and greatest Care, that it shall never be their Interest to act AGAINST an Evil that can no otherwise be averted, than by keeping them fully employed in such Trades as will increase their own, as well as our Wealth; for, Sir, there is too much Reason to fear, if you don't find Employment for them, they may find some for YOU: Withdraw then, Sir, from *America*, your armed Ruffians, and make a full RESTORATION of the People's Rights; let them Tax themselves, and enjoy their Property unviolated by the Hand of Tyranny; thus, Sir, the subsequent Part of your Reign, may yet be Happy and Glo-rious. May the Compact  
between



between you and the People be no more VIOLATED; may you be SPEEDILY reconciled to the just Demands of the Colonies: May Lord Bute, Lord Mansfield, Lord North, and all your Majesty's infamous Minions, who would precipitate you and the Kingdom into Ruin, answer with their HEADS (and soon) for their horrid CRIMES; and may the SUCCESSION IN YOUR MAJESTY'S ROYAL HOUSE, AND THE RELIGION, LAWS, RIGHTS, AND LIBERTIES OF THE SUBJECT, go Hand in Hand down to all Posterity, until this Globe shall be reduced to its original Chaos, and Time be swallowed up in Eternity.

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The Author of the PROPHECY of RUIN is extremely sorry, he is again under the necessity of putting off the Publication of his POEM to a future Day; but the Public may rest assured, it will be Published some time in the Middle of *March*.

To the People of ENGLAND and AMERICA.

Some Time in the middle of *March* will be published, Price 1s. 6d. in Quarto, on a fine Paper and new Type,

The Prophecy of RUIN, a Poem.

*Ense velut strieto, quoties Lucilius ardens  
Infremuit, rubet Auditor cui frigida Mens est.  
Criminibus, tacite sudent Præcordia Culpa.*

JUVENAL.

*Sharp as a Sword Lucilius drew his Pen,  
And struck with panic Terror guilty Men,  
At his just Strokes the harden'd Wretch would start,  
Feel the cold Sweat, and tremble at the Heart.*

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# The Last DYING SPEECH OF THE C R I S I S<sup>th</sup>

*March the 6: 1775*

Which is to be burned at One o'Clock this Day, in Palace-Yard, Westminster, and To-morrow at Two at the Royal Exchange, as a malicious Libel against His Majesty.

*This unfortunate Paper intitled the Crisis &c. made its appearance to the Publick but a few Weeks since, & being addressed to the King, spoke very disrespectfully of his Majesty in regard to his forfeiting his Royal Word in breaking his most Sacred Coronation Oath, and several other most malicious Speeches touching his Majesty's Person; which being looked into by a certain Lord, the Crisis was taken into Custody, and well examined in the House of Lords & Commons, when several debates arose in the upper & lower House, a certain Lord being of the Opinion that it was treason against his Majesty's most sacred Person. A noble Duke was quite of another Opinion, and*

